



Too Close



👁 81 ✓ 3 ★ 7

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

---/Don't get too close; it's dark inside.../---

He was the sweetest person I'd ever met--although, I hadn't met many people. I couldn't, otherwise I would have a well-sized circle of friends. There was something inside of me...something dark and terrifying...that prevented me becoming close to anyone. Even now, it still plagues me. I have hurt many people with this darkness, this shade that governs my mind when I am afraid, but I have never hurt someone like I hurt Noah.

Noah...he was so sweet. He was the quarterback for the school football team, so he was huge and physically intimidating, but he was gentle as a puppy. I called him Teddy Bear.

I told him not to get too close to me. I told him I was dangerous, and I didn't want to hurt him. But he fell in love with me anyway.

I have never forgotten what happened.

And I will never forgive myself.

Chapter 2 by Jayde Avalon

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I was a sophomore in high school when it happened, but I was a first grader when it all began, when the darkness appeared. I had never felt anything like that before. I /she/ first appeared the first time I was really, truly afraid.

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I was a model child then; intelligent, respectful, disciplined, and outgoing. I did perfectly on all of my homework and even helped my classmates with theirs. I was very bright--so much so that I made Honor Roll within the first week, tested with an IQ of 157, and was the star of my gifted class. My teachers loved me. My mother was so proud of me. If my sperm-donor had been present as a father, I believe he would also have been proud. Life was beautiful.

That is, until our first fire drill.

I had been in the arts & crafts area making a warm-colored version of Van Gogh's /Starry Night/ when the fire alarm suddenly went off. All of my classmates stood from their places and began filing at the door as the teachers called instructions. I was rooted in place. My head was throbbing, my throat was closing, and my vision was becoming blurry. I rather vaguely felt myself lifted from my chair and set in the line of children. We walked out of the classroom. I was growing dizzy and shakier by the minute, until finally I vomited where I stood and the floor suddenly reached up and slapped me.

Next thing I knew, I was in the nurse's office. The school psychiatrist was nearby talking to the nurse. The only word I remember clearly is "phonophobia." Then my mind and vision went dark for a moment like someone turned off the light. When it came back on, I was unafraid. Completely calm. Powerful. I was /Her./

Suddenly, all sound around me was muted. The nurse and the psychiatrist screamed silently in agony and held their heads between their hands. I was making their heads scream with an intense shriek only they could hear.

And I--no, /She/--loved it.

Chapter 3 by Girlgurl2002



I could no figure out what was happening until it was too late I had killed them both the teacher and after that day, I said I would be more careful than ever. But I never knew that I would try to make that possible with love.

It was always me, myself, and I until I saw him. He would never leave me alone. I told him I was dangerous but he never believed me. I tried to keep him safe I would, I could never forgive myself if I didn't. I loved him more than any girl ever had.

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